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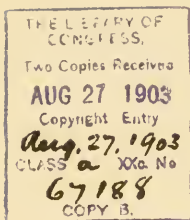
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I HAD
A FRIEND





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NEW YEAR'S EVE

Farewell Old Year! thou hast been
bitter sweet!

The lessons thou hast tried to teach
ill learned,

And still I see thee leave me
with regret;

And I would have thee tarry
yet awhile,

That I might look once more
on broken toys,

Thou bearest with thee into the
dim past.

Of thee, New Year, whose feet are
at my door,

I ask not honor, power, nor
glittering gold;

But only this, that thou mayest
teach me how

To gain new life and strength
through past mistakes.

WORLD WITHOUT END

“My Friend came to my house: He went away:”

O foolish words, so fraught with bitter pain!

He came, but ne'er will go, who is thy friend;

When soul met soul he came, and came for aye.

Can distance chain the spirit which at will

O'er-leaps convention, spirit to obey?

Nor time, nor space, nor calumny, can chill

The soul God gave to be thy friend alway..

ROSEMARY.

The withered columbine on Folly's grave,
The passion-flowers, the roses as they die,
Leave memories which sadden us to tears,
Life's faded flowers over which we sigh :
But modest rosemary in sober garb,
Emblem of constancy the wide world through,
We learn thy pale and tender face to bless,
And with the sum of years turn unto you
In tiny blossoms dwelling hardily,
Mid common soil, along untrodden ways :
When wandering far from pleasure gardens gay
It is to Friendship's flower we give our praise.

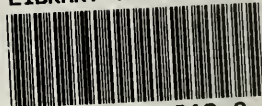
PEACE.

Thou art that benison all mortals crave
And few attain ; for solace so subline,
Comes only to the man found fit to brave
The spell of sense, the tyranny of time.

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